

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY

VOL. I.]

MARIAN AND LYDIA.

"She sets like stars that fall to rise no more."

THE sun was sunk beneath the western hills, his parting beams made the horizon flame with burnished gold, and darted on the topmost branches of the lofty trees of a neighboring forest. Autumn had not put off her plebeian robe, nor had the gentle zephyr forsaken the plain to give place to his rude brother boreas. The ground was strewn with leaves of various hues, the ripened fruit hung on the bending trees, and fields of waving golden grain, rendered the scene delightful.

Marian and Lydia having finished their daily task, set aside their wheels with alacrity, and tying on their straw bonnets, prepared to enjoy the beauties of the evening, by rambling over the adjacent fields and meadows.

They were innocent and sprightly as the young fawn that lightly bounds over the verdant lawn; smiling youth and rosy health glowed upon their cheeks, and sparkled in their eyes, their wishes untroubled by art or luxury to stray beyond the bounds which simple nature had marked out, were easily supplied; they arose each morning with the feathered chorists, and cheerfully pursued their daily task; the evening was their time for mirth; Innocence presided over all their pleasures, and merrily content on downy pillows hovered

WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,  
RAISE THE GENUINE AND MEND THE HEART.

SATURDAY, November 20, 1802.

over their homely couch, sweetening their quiet slumbers.

Their cottage was situated in a pleasant valley, on the borders of Wales; it was plain and rural, it contained every necessary, but no superfluities; simplicity had decorated it, and the neatness of its furniture rendered it more pleasing to the rustic inhabitants than the most sumptuous palace.

Here Marian and Lydia, by their cheerfulness and industry, enlivened the declining hours of their mother Dorcas.

Beware, said the careful mother, beware my children, tarry not too long; lest the evening damps should impair your health, and rob your mother of her only comfort.

The sisters departed, and as they wandered over the heath, in the innocent gaiety of their hearts, carried forth their songs in wild untutored, but melodious notes.

Sir George Lovemore had arrived a few days before at Gwinneth-hall, to visit a maiden aunt, whose unlimited fortune demanded the mark of respect for with the virtues of her mind, or the sweetness of her manner, he was totally unacquainted. Mrs. Gwinneth, a unaffected piety, good humor, and amiable disposition, were things totally disregarded by the young libertine; though

the visit was professedly made to her, yet he spent but a small share of his time in her company. He was continually rambling from one place to another, making visits to those neighboring gentlemen whose opinions and manners most suited with his own. He was this evening returning from a visit to the Earl of Landall; he was seated in an elegant phaeton, drawn by four beautiful bays, his servants were in their best travelling liveries, which were green faced with buff, and superbly trimmed with gold lace; they proceeded slowly, the animals seeming to partake of their master's indolence.

Marian and Lydia had wandered to the road, and were just crossing it with an intent to enter a small wood on the other side, when this magnificent equipage impeded their way. They had never before seen any thing half so grand—they stopped involuntarily to admire it as it passed; the wind had blown off Marian's bonnet, her luxuriant brown hair, falling in ringlets over her face and neck, served as a shade to heighten but not obscure her charms.

Sir George caught a glimpse of her person, and in her little white jacket, simple and unadorned, she appeared to him like a wood nymph; her form was delicate, her stature rather below the middling size. He alighted from his phaeton, and offering his hand to Marian, said he would assist her in crossing



the road; he seized her unreluctant hand, he gazed earnestly upon her face, and felt in a moment his heart was captivated by this rustic fascinating beauty; the modest inobtrusive charms of Lydia were unnoticed, he called her sister by a thousand divine appellations, which, as they had never heard before, at once excited their wonder and their fears.

"Leave us, good Sir," said Lydia, "for we must return home, and should our mother see you, she would be angry with us; besides, Sir, we country maidens are not used to converse with such grand folks, and mayhap you will laugh at our simplicity." They then dropped their curtsies, and wishing him a good night, would have left him, but he stopped Marian, and attempted rudely to salute her; she shrieked, struggled, and at length freeing herself from his hold, caught her sister's hand, and darting across the field, they were presently out of sight.

Sir George gazed after them for a moment, then, ascending his carriage, determined in his own mind to attempt the seduction of Marian. He made no doubt but she would again walk the same way, and resolved every night to ramble out in hopes of meeting her.

The sisters slackened not their pace till they arrived within sight of their mother's cottage. Dorcas, uneasy at their long stay, had walked forth to meet them; their haste and confusion alarmed her. "Tell me, my children," said she, "why you are thus agitated? has any thing frightened you, or has any of the low bred clowns insulted you, why would you walk so late?"

"Dear mother," cried Lydia, "a gentleman stopped us, and was so rude to my sister." "Rude," said Marian, interrupting her, "he only wanted to kiss me, and I ran away from him. But you cannot think what a fine gentleman he was, so handsome, and he had such a pretty thing to ride in, dear, dear, how I should like to ride in such an one."

"I am surprised, Marian," said Dorcas, gravely, "to hear you talk thus; it becomes not a girl of your humble station to speak in such raptures of the beauty of a gentleman, or the grandeur of his equipage, much less to form wishes to be indulged by riding in it."

"Why surely, dear mother," said she, "it is no harm to wish." "It is wrong, my dear child," replied the tender mother, "very wrong to form wishes which we are certain, from the situation in which it has pleased Providence to place us, can never be laudably gratified. You know, Marian, 'tis impossible you can ever possess a splendid equipage." "Oh! dear," said Marian, "I do not think so; mayhap the fine gentleman may be in love with me; I am sure he called me by many pretty names."

Dorcas shook her head, and sighed. "And how," said she, looking mournfully at Marian, "how has vanity found entrance in a heart I had hoped was the seat of innocence and content?" "Don't be angry with my sister, dear mother," said Lydia, "to be sure the gentleman did talk a great deal about beauty and goddesses, but I dare say he meant nothing." "That's nothing but envy," said Marian, peevishly, "because he did not say any thing to you. For of what use would it be to him to say I was the loveliest girl he ever saw, if he did not think so, that would be fibing for fibing sake."

Dorcas smiled at her simplicity, while she regretted that those sparks of vanity which had ever lain dormant, had by flattery been blown into a flame. They entered the cottage, and sat down to a rural supper of milk and fruit; during the repast, Marian could not think nor speak of ought beside the gentleman.

Lydia was silent, and Dorcas now and then sighed profoundly, while a tear fell as she reverted in her thoughts to occurrences long since past; when they had finished their temperate meal, she thus addressed her daughters.

"My dear children, you have often heard me say, that you lost your father when you were quite infants, in that I told you truth; he is lost, irreparably lost to you and me, but it was not death that tore him from us. I have ever avoided mentioning any of the occurrences of my past life, lest it should pain your gentle affectionate hearts, but I find now the hour is arrived when the mother's sorrows shall serve as a warning to the daughters, to teach them to avoid those shoals and quicksands on which was wrecked her happiness and peace. Listen attentively, and while you weep over my misfortunes, let the

errors which brought them on me sink deep in your hearts, remember they were the cause of your mother's ruin, and shun them through the course of your own lives, or you would a poisonous or obnoxious reptile.

"I was the only daughter of a farmer in the west of England. He in his youth, by integrity and fidelity, so well recommended himself to the favor of the nobleman, of whom at that time he rented a farm, that he made him steward of all his estates, which were situated in that country. I had the misfortune to lose my mother before I had seen sixteen years; she was a woman of exemplary piety, she had early inculcated in my mind a love of religion and virtue, and taught me that humility, charity, and cheerful content were the true marks of christianity. Had I never suffered those excellent precepts to depart from my mind, I should never have experienced the many miseries which have since marked my unhappy life.

"During the life of this worthy parent, I lived extremely retired, she superintended my education, which was such as might render me a useful member of society, but she bestowed very little time on the showy accomplishments which are set so high a price on in the present age, and which, though they are certainly necessary to finish the education of a gentlewoman, are very immaterial to those who expect to move but in the middle sphere.

"After my mother's decease, I took the entire charge of my father's family upon me, did the honors of his table, received and entertained all his visitors, and made frequent excursions abroad; I was thoughtless, vain, and giddy. I never before heard the voice of adulation, which now assailed my ears from almost every man with whom I conversed. I listened to it eagerly, and like my simple Marian, placed an implicit faith in all they said.

"My heart was full of sensibility, and being deprived of my mother, whom I had ever considered and loved as a friend, I began to look round for some female object on whom to settle those affectionate feelings, to whom I might unboresome all my little inquietudes, consult and advise with on trifling embarrassments and vexations, which at that time I considered as serious troubles.

(To be continued.)



SKETCH OF THE PERSONS, MANNERS,  
CUSTOMS, AND PRESENT STATE OF  
THE IRISH MOUNTAINEERS BY AN  
EYE-WITNESS.

**A**MONG those tourists who have given the world their observations on Ireland, we do not find one who has explored and described the mountainous regions of that island. The following sketch is intended to give the reader a distinct idea of the uncivilised Irish mountaineers, who, like the Scotch highlanders, retain and adhere to the customs of their ancestors.

These people have ever been misrepresented by the prejudice of liberal travellers, who, too indolent to climb mountains, or explore remote valleys, adopted the erroneous accounts of others. To rescue this singular class of human beings from undeserved calumny, and represent them in a fair point of view, shall be the object of this essay.

A vast range of mountains rises in the county of Louth and province of Leinster, on the north-east coast of Ireland. These mountains extend along the western side of Newry bay, about ten miles from north to south, and terminate in a promontory above the town of Carrlingford. Their high and broken curves present a majestic and sublime scene; they are generally barren, covered with heath, and short grass intermixed with moss, and several pure streams of "living water from the rock" flow down their sides to fertilize the plains below.

The valleys which intersect these majestic piles are inhabited and cultivated by the descendants of the ancient Irish, who fled to these remote regions as an asylum from the persecution of Oliver Cromwell during his desolating progress through the island.

By persevering toil they built several villages, where, after suffering many inconveniences, they cultivated and fertilized the soil; and the wild scenes to which the first settlers were driven by necessity are now inhabited from choice by their posterity.

The most remarkable of these villages is called *Glenmore*, or the great valley. It is surrounded by very high mountains of various forms, which, with their grotesque hanging cliffs, the sheep and goats that graze on grassy spots among

the rocks, and the sprightly and incessant flow of several streams that issue from the purest fountains, and descend to the valley, exhibit a pleasing scene of peaceful solitude.

Eastward of the village the confluence of the streams forms a rivulet, which glides with gentle murmurs amid the valley. On its banks about one hundred cottages are built irregularly, and environed with potatoe gardens and corn-fields. The population amounts to about five hundred.

In this remote society, the manners of the ancient Irish are said to have been preserved to the present day, and present to the reflecting mind an interesting portraiture of rustic simplicity.

The Glen is about two miles long from east to west, and nearly a mile wide: it produces sufficient potatoes, flax, and corn for the inhabitants; and their black cattle, sheep, and goats, are fed on the adjacent mountains. The villagers yearly sell a considerable number of sheep and cows in the fairs of Duncalk and Newry, which, with the profits arising from the manufacture of coarse linen, and the sale of butter and poultry, enables them to pay their rents and live in their own plain way. Their horses are small, and like the Scotch shelties, very durable. They are chiefly employed in carrying their linen, butter, &c. to market in panniers; for their rugged, steep, and almost impassable paths prevent the use of carriages of any kind. Indeed even their agriculture is mostly effected by the spade; for the soil is so stony that in many places they cannot use the plough.

With respect to the appearance of Glenmore, the village consists of cabins, the walls of which are commonly about ten feet high, built with stone cemented by tough clay, which the rains having washed from between the stones, you would think on approaching that the walls were ready to fall being apparently formed of loose stones; but they are found by experience to be strong enough to resist the winter's storms. The windows are small, being mostly only apertures in the walls, which are occasionally filled with straw to resist the weather, or opened to admit the light and air. A framed glass window moveable in a groove is considered as a mark of elegance in Glenmore, and a

few of the richest peasants have whitewashed their cabins as a mark of distinction. The roofs of those cottages are composed of rafters interwoven with hazle boughs or branches of the pliant willow. They are very neatly thatched with straw similar to the barns in England.

Their fuel is peat, or, as they call it, *turf*, which is cut into small oblong squares on the summits of the mountains, dried in the sun, and conveyed home on their horses in panniers.

This fuel gives a strong and durable heat, but from the unskilfulness of the peasants in the construction of their chimnies, or rather the action of the wind from the circumjacent hills, the cabins are mostly infested with smook, which is condensed on the inside of the roof into soot, and sometimes in wet weather is dissolved and falls in what the peasants call *soot-drops*, which stain their clothes and utensils.

The furniture of a cabin is commonly one or more bedsteads of fir, containing a bed of chaff with coarse sheets and blankets; two or three old chests and boxes; a few wicker or straw chairs, and low stools. Their utensils are an iron pot, cups of earthen ware, three or four spoons, half a dozen of trenchers, the same number of noggins, a clumsy knife, a few horn spoons, a griddle, or circular plate of cast iron, on which they bake their oat-cakes over the fire, and lastly the ancient and ever-venerated *mather*. This curious vessel is made of wood, its form is an oblong-square, it has four handles, and contains two quarts. When a person drinks out of the *mather* he takes it up by two of the handles, and he must be a very thirsty mortal indeed who cannot be satisfied with the contents. The *mather* has been used by the Irish mountaineers time immemorial, before the introduction of metal or earthen utensils.

Such are the elegances of an Irish mountain cottage, and indeed many of them are not so well furnished. It is only the more opulent that can boast of such accommodations; for in several of the wretched huts, the beds of the inhabitants are merely straw spread out on the earthen floor, with scarcely any bed-clothes.

To be continued.



## THE CRITERION OF VIRTUE.

AN ESSAY BY A LADY.

LADIES;

IT is, I believe, extremely common, in the appropriation of words to ideas, to give them erroneous significations, or attribute greater latitude to general terms than they were originally intended to express; and as I have often, though vainly, wished to see the criterion of virtue, as it respects our sex, properly established, it shall be the employment of a serious hour to assign, with as much precision as my slender knowledge will admit, the distinct and proper claims of the highest grace a woman can possess, and ascertain how far she may be justified in arrogating to herself the character of a *woman of virtue*; also in what instances, although "*chaste as unsunned snow*," that character can be deficient. "Chaste, yet not virtuous!—this is surely an inexplicable paradox," observes the decorous female, on whose spotless name no minkew of calumny ever fixed. "Were this the *sis* established, it must totally remove the boundaries of good and evil, and damp, if not destroy, the praise-worthy attempt at moral strictness, besides effectually repelling the advances of the equivocally virtuous to a more perfect reputation."—A moment's indulgence, dear Madam, while I endeavor to prove, that Chastity, (although the fairest ornament our sex can boast, and without which no woman can be estimable) is yet but a *single* virtue, and may be sullied by a variety of culpable errors. She whose consciousness of integrity can give a decided affirmative to the following interrogatories, is, indisputably, possessed of that exalted characteristic excellence.

"When, in conversation with the giddy and unfeeling, the faults of an unhappy female are exposed with unnecessary severity, do I remain silent, when to *speak* would be to condemn; or if I do speak, is it to deduce, from the representation before me, instructive lessons for the advantage of a thoughtless and youthful audience? Do I extenuate, with a cautious benevolence, the unauthorised condemnation of an absent fellow creature? Do I, when solicited by one of those very wretched beings for the assistance my finances will allow, extend the hand of mercy;

perhaps drop a tear of compassion for what, strictly speaking, is *her* distress? Do I leave to others the office of emblazoning those virtues which an inward consciousness appropriates to my own character; and seek rather to exalt the graces of another, than presumptuously detail my own as objects of imitation? Do I practise, as nearly as human imperfection will admit, those duties more immediately relative to my situation?"

From this little categorical sketch of what a *woman of virtue* ought to be, may our sex determine with true precision what they really are.

Virtue, if I understand its implication rightly, is a combination, not a solitary grace, when meant to include female excellences, and it is as possible for a woman to be chaste without being good, as for a man to be industrious without being honest. Certainly every amiable propensity is a degree of virtue; but when the term is made use of as above, it is an aggregate, and contains the sum of human goodness.

But while thus attempting to settle the claims of Chastity, and in what degree its professors may be deficient, I would carefully avoid giving the smallest suffrage to those who possess not this charming quality, deprived of that, the sweetest features lose their brilliancy in an equal degree that the plainest countenance acquires a comparative liveliness from its influence. How dreadful to consider, that, like those planets which derive their brightness from the sun, every secondary grace becomes, if not extinct, yet faint and almost imperceptible, from the absence of that glorious emanation, which heightens, illustrates, and irradiates the lesser virtues of the soul. Even the gift of Charity loses some of its effect from being tendered by the hand of impurity; and however the liberal and truly virtuous mind may appreciate the bounty of a thoughtless wanton, it cannot reject a sentiment of contempt. Let urbanity of disposition, placidity of temper, the practice of economy, and unbounded benevolence, meet in that mind and character, undignified by Chastity, and too often the lovely attributes are depreciated by a severe, and perhaps unjust, degradation of their usefulness.

O ye, my dear and once amiable fellow-creatures, could you but estimate your loss in the proportion you do your falsely-named pleasures—could you give a moment's attention to the suggestions of a wounded conscience, and draw aside the gaudy veil which conceals the slow but sure operations of that awful monitor,—callous and deplorably unfeeling, indeed, must be the heart which such a retrospect would not soften. Your very excellencies, while in such a situation, make against you. Contracted in their usefulness, sullied by continual error, what are they (in the estimation of the illiberal, who can give no credit to them while contaminated by impurity) but splendid sins? Are you daughters, wives, mothers? Have you tasted the sweets of relative affection? Have you been innocent, unsuspecting, beloved, and esteemed? And can you submit to be degraded, despised, classed with the unhappy creatures you once, it may be pined; neglected too, by those whose hearts your shameful conduct has recently pierced? Reflect—repent—return to virtue! And should there be one harsh judge, to whom your view of returning to the respectable society you once quitted appears improper, and who can reject the earnest petition, she cannot establish herself as a *woman of virtue*.

## SHOCKING MISTAKE.

A LADY at least middle aged; being frequently in company with a history-painter, generally found his eye steadily fixed on her face. This practice becoming offensive, she not having the least inclination to return his passion, who

Which could her care, but I should

that at last, lest her virtue might be in danger, she very properly acquainted her husband with the matter; who unwilling to quarrel with his friend, by degrees introduced the subject. "What do you see so beautiful in my wife as to induce you to be always staring at her?" "Beautiful!" replied the painter; "she has the meanest character of face I ever beheld—*all curved lines*—I suppose she won't sit; so I wanted to remember it as accurately as possible, for by caricaturing a *half* or *two*, her profile would come in *delightfully*, for one of the witches in my design for Macbeth."



## MATERNAL AFFECTION.

A Sailor of Martinique married a young woman as virtuous as she was beautiful—and she, having expended all the little money her husband had left her before he embarked, had recourse to a wealthy citizen, to whose protection she had been confided. The citizen, enamored with the charms of the fair borrower, demanded, as the price of his services, the surrender of her virtue. Relying on the hope of her husband's return, and shuddering with indignation at the proposal, the insulted woman refused without hesitation. The sailor did not arrive, and in a few days, all the resources of this unhappy woman were exhausted; want too clearly made her sensible of her situation; she was a mother! and dreaded to behold one infant perish at that breast which had nourished it, and the other whose maturer years called for bread, expire of hunger before her, she sought the tyrant again, in hopes of softening him. But prayers and tears could obtain nothing from the barbarian; she was forced to capitulate; and vanquished by necessity, she permitted him to come to supper with her. After a meal which was spiritless, the citizen pressed her to fulfil her promise.—The poor woman took him to the cradle where the child was sleeping; and then pressing it to her bosom, her eyes full of tears, she said to it—“Drink my dear babe! drink my dear freely; thou yet receivest the milk of a virtuous woman, whom necessity alone stabs to the heart. To-morrow, for alas! I cannot wean thee—to-morrow! thou wilt drink the milk of an unhappy”—her tears finished the sentence. The citizen beheld—and was moved at the sight. Throwing his purse at her feet, he exclaimed—“It is not possible to resist so much virtue!”

## A TALE.

ONE morning in Spring, as I was walking alone, filled with the admiration which all the beauties of Nature inspire, I was roused from my reverie by some menacing cries and complaints which I heard at a short distance. I approached, I listened, and I overheard a woman severely chiding a child. I immediately went up to her, and enquired the cause of her anger. “Sir,” said she to me, with earnestness, “this

child will kill me with anxiety and vexation: the more I love him, the less he answers my expectation and cares. I am not happy; I am never easy except when he is in my arms; and the ingrate always shuns them. When I reproach him with my tenderness, he embraces me; then leaves me in an instant for his toys: he runs, he plays, he jumps. I fear every moment that I shall lose him,” added she, busting into tears.

“Madam,” said I, “your affliction is your own work. Why expect reason in an infant? why have him like one of your own age? It is for you to accommodate yourself to his: study his taste, join in his sports; let him find in you a companion rather than a governess. The curiosity and fickleness natural to childhood will sometimes keep him away from you; but he will never fail to return, if he shall find in you what he cannot find any where else. It is only in the enjoyment of the most unlimited liberty that he will know how to compare and appreciate your cares and your indulgence. Tenderness does not command—it insinuates itself. Do not use bonds with that child: the strongest chain which you can use to keep him near you, is pleasure.”

She listened to me in silence, and I left her with a recommendation to follow my counsels. A short time after, I passed by the scene of this conversation, and enquired what had become of the good woman and the child.

“Exactly what you foretold has happened,” answered one of her neighbors. “The child, kept under too great restraint, availed himself of the first opportunity, as soon as he was able, to fly a tenderness which was to him a cruel slavery; and the mother pines away in unavailing sorrow.”

I then enquired the name of this interesting and unhappy lady, as also the name of the child: I was told in answer, that the one was Love, and the other Jealousy,

An old woman, who on looking at her glass, found it too faithfully reflected her sunk eyes, wrinkled face, and livid complexion, said, “They do not make mirrors so well as they used to do.”

## LETTER FROM THREE JOURNEYMEN TAYLORS TO THEIR EMPLOYER, RESPECTING AN ADVANCE OF WAGES.

SIR,

WE beg leave to say as how that your letter of half a yard long won't do. Your proposal is out of all measure. We are half starved, having nothing but shreds and patches, from Butchers stalls and Cooks shops to maintain ourselves and little nipkin babes. We should deserve a strait waistcoat, if we was to agree to what you have cut out for us. You may put yourself in a hucker, and make as great a piece of work as you please; but it won't mend matters, for we are resolved to remain stiff as buckram to our cause, even though not a remnant of us should be saved. We know you to be as sharp as a needle, and that you have not the heart to give us the value of a skean to eat, nor a thimble full to drink, though we pin our skirts to your shop-board at least fourteen hours in the day. Once, indeed, you did give poor old Cuddy a drop of beer, when his fingers were bit by the goose; but it was so sour, that it gave the poor fellow a stitch in his side, and such a twist in his guts, that he has been ever since as thin as a bodkin. The Doctor thinks it has bred a tape-worm in him; but you laugh in your sleeve at his sufferings.

You say, that there seems to be a conspiracy among us. We have nothing to do with any such seams, but we are determined not to live in such sheer distress as we have done; and you shall find you may chance to prick your fingers, if you think it fitting to attack our pockets any further. Our collar is raised, and we would rather come to cuffs than give up a needle-full of what we have asked. If it suits you to give enough to line our bellies properly, well and good; if not, we shan't care a button for your threats, though you tell us our existence hangs on a thread, and that you will have us gather'd in a prison.

So, Sir, being all of a cloth, we find ourselves, your humble servants,

PETER CREAPER,  
CUTHBERT CABBAGE,  
NEMO NINTH.

12th day of Cucumber time.



## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

## SWISS INSURRECTION.

Bern, September 17.

The following are the most recent details which afford a precise idea of our situation. This morning the courier brought an account that the troops with red and black cockades, infested the roads. At Kilchberg he was informed that their head-quarters were at Solcure. Fribourg has adopted the forms of the ancient regime. The number of insurgents actually in arms is upwards of 10,000. It must be acknowledged that they preserve the strictest discipline, pay for every thing with exactness, and what appears inconceivable in the midst of this effervescence, not a patriot is ill-treated by them.

General Andermatt has bombarded Zurich, which confined itself to a simple defence. A deputation was sent to him which received only evasive answers, and the bombardment commenced as soon as it returned. At length the Government Commissary brought him an order to cease hostilities. He is now stationed on the Alps with 700 men, and old General Steener with 1500 on the heights of Horgg; Reding is on the frontiers with 2000.

A Baron d'Erlach is said to be the mover of the insurrections which broke out on the 12th. It is said, that his party have taken Arau and Brugg.—News from the frontiers of France announce that 15,000 French troops are on their march to Switzerland.

September 18.—Our troubles assume a more serious appearance. The government is daily losing some of its partisans. The means of force employed against Zurich have excited much irritation in several cantons which had hitherto joined no party. The Deputies of the petty cantons gave notice of the rupture the moment they heard of the bombardment of Zurich. The strong castle of Arburg has surrendered to the insurgents of Argovia.

London, October 2.

Our private correspondence from Paris has, this day, enabled us to remedy, by a communication of some importance, the deficiencies of the French pa-

pers, which are again nearly silent, as to events passing in France. A conspiracy of an extensive nature, and which, though suppressed, would excite considerable alarm, if the government did not almost disavow the knowledge of it, has been discovered at Rennes, the former capital of Brittany. The new Prefect of that city and its department was, it seems, informed soon after his arrival, that a Jacobin plot for the restoration of the constitution of 1793, was in existence, and that not, as might be supposed, amongst a few obscure, or proscribed individuals, but amongst persons in considerable stations—the commander of the garrison of the place and several of his officers. According to our correspondent, this magistrate had the accuracy of the information immediately proved to him, when he ordered the Commandant of the Gendarmerie to arrest the Commandant of the garrison, the former refusing to obey him. He was then reduced to the necessity, of trying the fidelity of the whole garrison at a general parade; and even there his orders were received with hesitation, and even with a repetition of the refusal. The troops, however, beginning to divide into parties, and the majority probably appearing for the representative of the First Consul, the commandant was at length arrested, and is now in the temple at Paris.

Gibraltar, Aug. 13.

A Portuguese squadron of two sail of the line and seven frigates, and sloops of war, is now collected here, which are to sail in a few days, with an intention of blockading Algiers, in hopes of forcing the Dey to conclude a peace with them. Little hopes are however entertained of their success, as the Algerines hold their navy in the most sovereign contempt, particularly since the capture of the Lisne frigate, on which occasion the Portuguese only fired a few guns, the whole of the crew deserting their quarters, and running below to prayers (except the officers) the moment the Algerines boarded them.

Troubles in Guadaloupe.

Since our last, we have the following in addition to our accounts published yesterday, by the Hiram, capt. Dove. A few days previous to capt. Dove's sailing, a disturbance took place in the district of St. Anne, in consequence of which every individual was under arms.

About 30 or 40 negroes, with two white men at their head, (Milat la Girandier and Baresse) wantonly murdered 18 men and women in the country; and, after plundering their houses, proceeded in a hostile manner against the town of St. Anne's, intending to effect their escape from the island by the seizure of some of the vessels lying in the harbor. They were however repulsed with great effect by the inhabitants. Those of the negroes who were not killed, retreated to the woods, and concealed themselves. A considerable force from Point Petre was dispatched in pursuit of them. The expedition was unsuccessful, excepting the capture of Milat la Girandier, one of the chiefs, and Jean Barba, accused of being an accomplice. These occurrences had excited great apprehension throughout the island.

Letters received at Baltimore, by the schr. Nautilus represent the island of St. Domingo to be in the most deplorable state. The coffee plantations are generally laid waste by the contending armies, and the present crop is nearly all destroyed. The blacks continue their ravages and are successful in almost every engagement with the white troops. They are well supplied with arms and ammunition, have taken L'Arcayes, and surround and menace Port Republic, which it was supposed they could make an easy conquest of, were they acquainted with the weakness of the place, and the dismay of their opponents. Three hundred women and children and a few men had arrived at that place from L'Arcayes, but not an officer escaped death—and several boats, over-crowded with fugitive women and children, had sunk.

## BON MOT.

A judge asked a man what age he was—"I am eight and four score," says he. "And why not four score and eight?" says the judge. "Because," replied he, "I was eight before I was four score."

The Coquette reprieved.

"Tis strange that I remain a maid, Though fifty swains have homage paid." "The reason you have told" said Fanny; "You had just forty-nine too many."



# The Visitor.

SATURDAY, November 20, 1802.

The number of Deaths in this city, for the week ending Saturday the 13th inst. amount to Forty, of the following disorders:—Consumption 8—asthma 1—hives 1—lax 2—mortification 1—worms 1—small-pox 5—pleurisy 2—nervous fever 1—decay 1—chincough 1—killed 1—dropsy in the head 1—sudden death 1—intermittent fever 1—swelling 1—debility 1—diseases not mentioned 6—15 were adults—22 children—and 2 not distinguished.

Description of the Northumberland LIFE BOAT, taken from the Naval Chronicle.

The boat is about 30 feet long and 10 feet broad, built in a flanching manner, and decked at the floor heads, rows 12 oars, with gummit or iron pins, is steered by one, and covered with cork on the outside, two or three streaks down from the gunwale, will carry 30 people, and live a most tremendous broken head sea.

In the New Jersey House of Assembly, November 8, the bill giving the consent of this state to the purchasing of land on Sandy Hook by the United States, for the purpose of erecting a Beacon, was committed to Messrs. Dunn, Darby and W. Pearson.

Nov. 9.—A petition from sundry inhabitants of the state, praying for an act to incorporate a company for making a Turnpike road from Paulus Hook to Trenton, was read and committed to Messrs. Dunn, Ward and McEwen.

Nov. 11.—Mr. Dunn from a committee made a favorable report on the petition of sundry persons for authority to make a Turnpike road from Paulus Hook to the river Delaware, which was agreed to, and a bill, intitled, "An act for facilitating the communication from Paulus Hook, in the county of Bergen, through Newark, Elizabeth Town, New-Brunswick, Princeton, Trenton, to the River Delaware," was presented, read, and ordered a second reading.

We are concerned to state, that a melancholy event took place at Malden. At an exhibition of Mr. Todd's scholars, in the new house of Mr. Samuel Tufts, the summers gave way, and the whole company fell into the cellar. There were 500 persons present, 50 of whom are wounded, 4 mortally. The exhibition was in the second story: from the great weight, the first made no resistance. These are all the particulars we have yet learnt. [Bost. paper.]

Scraps from London papers.

A Strolling Actor being unable to read, was compelled to learn his parts auricularly, and consequently by attending only to similarity of sound, he frequently made strange havoc with the sense. In the play of *Richard the Third*, having to address the Tyrant, with "Stand by, my lord, and let the coffin pass," he loudly exclaimed—"Stand by, my lord, and let the *Parson* Cough."

A Frenchman says he has discovered a method by which the most ponderous bodies can be kept afloat; the secret if known in this country, would perhaps, tend to diminish the list of Bankrupts.

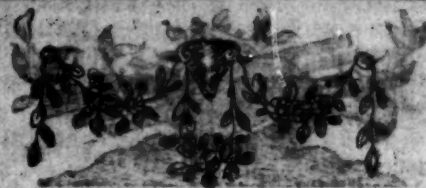
The American regulations for duelling, prescribe that the *Seconds* shall keep out of the line of fire.—They must be better marksmen than some *dualists* to make the line of fire the most dangerous place.

Mr. Sanner, in his new publication, states that in the frozen regions of Siberia, a man is permitted to have two wives in Winter, and one in Summer.

The vulgar thing called an *apron* is now no longer known; what used to be so called is now thrown over the shoulders, and denominated a *Spanish Mantle*.

On a lady who had a blood-shot eye.

Oh let it be said, thine eye is all red,  
No longer dear Harriet be moody,  
Since so many die, by the stroke of that  
eye,  
No wonder the weapon is bloody.



## Marriages.

On Thursday evening the 11th inst. Mr. JAMES QUICK, to Mrs. PEACE KINGSLAND, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Pilmore, Capt. JAMES PATTERSON, to Miss ELIZABETH REBECCA CHEEVER, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. John M. Mason, Mr. ALEXANDER H. ROLD, of Nassau (N.P.) Merchant, to Mrs. JANE HENDERSON, of this city.

At Charleston, by the Rev. Mr. Hammett, Mr. ZACHARIAH WHEELER, of that city, to Miss ELEANOR DAVIS, late of this city.

At Savannah, Mr. SAMUEL COMB, to Miss SARAH RUTHEAD.

Though Sarah's heart be broken as though  
We hope it will be comforted enough.



## Deaths.

On Sunday morning last, in the bloom of life, Miss Maria Harding, respected and beloved by all her acquaintance.

In Charleston, the Hon. John Mathews, formerly Governor of South Carolina.

## THEATRE.

On MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 22, will be presented,

A Comedy, called,

The School for Scandal.

To which will be added,

The Waterman.

Next week will be published by Ming and Young, the

NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC.





## THE HAPPY SWAIN.

**H**OW happy is the rustic peasant's life!  
 No jarring passions swell his tranquil breast!  
 Far from the crowded city's noise and strife,  
 Sound are his slumbers, for his heart's at rest.  
 Alike in summer's heat or winter's snow,  
 Health paints his cheeks with colors all her own;  
 Alike, when sun-beams scorch or tempests blow,  
 His sheep are tended and his fields are sown.  
 Far from the dazzling joys of pomp and state,  
 He carries none that will increasing store;  
 Nor (hear and blush, ye vain ambitious great)  
 Fears to be less, or wishes to be more.  
 He needs not guilty lawless pleasure seek,  
 But, taught by nature, urg'd by choice to wed,  
 From yonder hamlet calls whom best he loves;  
 With her he shares his heart, with her his bed.  
 To glad her worth he asks no wealthy dowry,  
 His labor feeds her; while his arm defends;  
 In youth or age, in pain or pleasure's hour,  
 The same fond husband and the best of friends.  
 And she, the faithful partner of his care,  
 Soon as the folded flocks have ceas'd to graze,  
 Soon as still evening clouds the silent air,  
 Awakes the crackling faggot's cheerful blaze.  
 He seats contented on his homely cheer,  
 While round his knees his prattling children play;  
 And oft with pleas'd attention sits to hear  
 The little history of their idle day.  
 Thence to the chase though homely bed he goes,  
 Where no base rival's war was known to stray,  
 There till the lark disturbs his sound repose,  
 He unmolested sleeps the night away.

THE OLD BACHELOR'S  
DOLOROUS LAMENTATION.

[From Hogan's Philadelphia Repository.]

**W**ITH tears and anxious fears oppress,  
 Devoid of comfort, and of rest,  
 Repining, groaning, wailing, sighing,  
 And almost literally dying:  
 I come with supplicating pliz,  
 (Nay, think not, Sir, I mean to quiz)  
 For evidence: untimely care  
 Alas! has silvered o'er my hair,  
 A looking-glass distract my heart,  
 And my own shadow makes me start!  
 A length'ned visage, wan and pale,  
 Like malefactor's is a wail;  
 Nay, Father's gray hair, to me,  
 Were well-fed sons of jollity.

Oh did you know my sweetest one,  
 And could you see my ugly face,  
 Compassion, Mr. Hogan, would  
 With tender pity, wipe your blood  
 These long unwholesome, and more,  
 That I incessantly deplore,  
 Are all brought on me, all—because  
 I violated Nature's laws  
 Liv'd through my prime a single life,  
 And never tried to get a wife.  
 Oh wretched state! O how I sigh!  
 What seas of anguish through the soul  
 I have endeavor'd much of late,  
 To get a loving gentle mate,  
 But all in vain—the girls despise  
 My groans, my eloquence and sighs;  
 They "laugh consumedly" at me,  
 And grin at all my pleasantry.

Pray, Sir, direct me how I'll get,  
 A sweet delicious little pet,  
 To keep me warm, o' winter nights,  
 And chase away the ghosts and sprites....  
 Sobers and prays with wishes fervent  
 Dear Sir, your very humble servant,  
 AN OLD BACHELOR.

## TO MISS MARY-ANN.

**A** MUSE, to Flattery unknown,  
 To Virtue's mandates ever true,  
 Addresses Mary-Ann;  
 To guard a lovely girl from ill,  
 One precept I would fain impart,  
 It is, "Beware of Man."

When with insinuating grace  
 The flatterer extols your face,  
 Your shape, your lip, or eye;  
 Or when his bold licentious gaze  
 Your burning blushes rudely raise,  
 His dangerous presence fly.

When he your hand with ardor grasps,  
 Or till more insolently clasps  
 His arm around your waist;  
 And dares it in the face of day,  
 Nay, even in the public way,  
 Oh! shun him, and with haste.

To calm Reflection's voice attend,  
 She'll prove a salutary friend—  
 A friend that seldom fails;  
 She'll teach you early to deride  
 The trifling coxcomb's empty pride,  
 And all his idle tales.

The glittering rags, silken cash,  
 Are haubles, gewgaws, toys, and trash,  
 Unworthy Mary-Ann;  
 When by their wearers they are made  
 Subservient to seduction's trade,  
 They vilify the man.

'Tis an alliance with a heart,  
 Above the wiles of dress and art,  
 Alone can make you blest;  
 All cheateastfully declaim,  
 For, trust me, 'tis their only aim  
 To render you distrust!

Wanted,  
**AN APPRENTICE  
 TO THE PRINTING BUSINESS,**  
 A smart boy of good morals.  
 Apply at this office.

## FANCY CHAIRS,

Made as usual in the neatest style of  
 elegance, by **FRANCIS TILLOP, No. 22,  
 Stone Street.**

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In Lottery No. 1,  
 For the Encouragement of Literature,  
 For sale in Halves and Quarters,  
 At No. 148 Pearl Street.  
 Tickets registered and examined by the  
 Managers' Book.

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No. 244 Water Street, near Peck Slip,  
 Has for sale.

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THE LATE MRS. ROBINSON.THE SUFFERINGS  
OF THE  
ORTENBURG FAMILY.

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For the year 1803.

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